Dear Ed, 8/8/72

Relet 8/2- don't sent the spy stuff that was in the same issue of Ramparts. I have been given a copy.

On Jerry and Gary, please do both of us and my nerves a favor by making no further mention. There is nothing that could, persuade me to have any kind of further relationship with Jerry, who I now know from correspondence from a third person has confessed doing what he did behind my back on the hope I'd not find out about it and who was after that down here, for all the world like a long-separated son. Aside from all other considerations, this is a kind of personal conduct and attitude I cannot and will not even attempt to tolerate and an abuse of my wife's affection I will not consider excusing.

On the question of intentions, I am as of today without doubt about Garrison's, as he sees them. They are irrelevant. Jerry is sick. What time I've taken in writing him has been a probable futility of trying to get him to get help in, putting his ego-sick, super-arrogant head together. He is on every point where we have dealt with specifics deliberately false or evasive or just ignores. If you have any doubt, you are welcome to see the correspondence when you are here again. The terrible thing is that he doesn't realize he is without basis for making any kind of judgement. There is nobody who has taken less time to even read what is published. So, if I can't prevent his stupidities and arrogances. He doesn't listen, never has and withoutoutside help simply won't. He is now engaged on an incredible pushing forward to prove to himself that he is both right, which he can't be under any circumstances, regardless of outcome, and important, which means much to him. I hear of but remain aloof from these things. I can't prevent the evil his good intentions have already brought to pass nor those of which it is yet capable. But I have too little time to waste on such animated trivialities. I'll not further try to persuade him to seek the help he need, and the one thing I will do, when it seems worth the slight prospect of accomplishing anything, is give him a record of his own dishonesty and self-deception to face. Perhaps the time will come when he will.

You don't know Jerry as I do or as well as I do, and I won't take the time because it also is now irrelevant. I can't let him waste any more time than the enormous amount he has cost, which the best of intentions can't replace.

Gary at least has had the self-respect not to dish out more shit once I confronted him with the fact that what was dishonest in any event, conscious duplication of my work, was even then done based on what he had accepted from me in confidence. Nor has he had any comment when I pointed out that all he had done was make himself unworthy of trust because his "good conscience" in stealing was a futility because I had already told Cyril, albeit in what is now, clearly, a meangless confidence. How can he respond? So he has been silent. At least to me. I presume he and Jerry are both busily engaged in correspondence they do not send to me, and I plain don't give a damn.

The inveitable conscequence of all of this, if you but think, is that it confronts me with a very simple choice: continuing to work like hell to get what is not in the Archives only to risk its misuse or use that time and always enormous and wearing effort in other ways. Do you think these well-meaning ignoramuses give me any choice? O r that it theirs really are good intentions that has any relevance to the inevitable result? There has not once been a single exception to the rule that the stolen is a)misused and b)closes doors I've opened.

What it distrubing to me is having to waste all this time answering also well-meaning letters from people of genuine concern. I've come to the point where I just can't. I've tried to push all of this from my mind and work on other things. Constant reminder is bad for the nerves, for among other things the already limited possibilities of counteracting adverse consequences are daily diminished, and any reminder of that can't be good, and it does interfere with both work and concentration.

I'll give you one more explanation and then, please, don't expect any more. Cyril's plans clearly envision one of the larger larcenies. He is to devote one day to the contract material and one day to "other things". If there is anything relevant to this examination, do I have to tell you it should preceed, not follow?Or that it should have been done long ago, so he'd have that understanding as a basis? Now, if he spends a fill working day on

film and prints alone, and that based on no more advance knowledge of them than I long ago gave him in a single source, under the most optimistic conditions he'll have but a bit more than a minute each, and under what I assume to be the realities, at most less than a minute. In that time no decent inventory can be made, no meaningful comparisons, no checking against existing records, etc. The film is not all he'll have access to. But take this as the limit. Can you conceive this serving any serious or useful purpose? Can you conceive that he is in any sense prepared, by what I have given him, by whatever he made have done to prepare himself, or whatever that large army of stupidities has told him, for anything but at best a waste and at worst a disaster?

Read the list in the contract appendix, add the exposed film, count the minutes, in a day, and the answer is obvious. This genius and all those so self-designated haven't even done this simple arithmetic.

What the hell else does a reasonable mind require, Ed? Can't you figure this out?

Sylvia hasn't even thought of it. She has her own lusts and because they are hers they thereby to her become noble. I can't do anything about that. I fear you will in the end learn that her present trouble is a bit more complicated than an asthma attack.

Ed, I must separate myself from these kinds of things. Please do not continue bringing them up. I can't ignore you and I can't endlessly explain.

Howard and I work together in the only way we can. It can't include the kind of collaboration you visualize for too many reason, the most obvious being he is a full-time student and this summer has his own book to edit and revise.

Nor can I now consider changing the plans I've made in the hope of the improbable, that anything I would now do could have commercial acceptability. I have give this long thought over a long period of time and see only one alternative: quitting entirely. There is but one useful function I can serve, the one I try. I don't like it, don't like what it means and costs and don't like endlessly having to repeat it. I have made many efforts of which you have no knowledge on a wide variety of quite publishable subjects.

I know you mean well, but the inevitability is that you are bludgeoning me, the thing you least intend. I must live with realities, not dreams.

On Brewer: it is even worse than you say. I must get back to work,

Thanks,